

D D7  
I met a little girl in Knoxville,  
G D  
A town you all know well,

And every Sunday evening

E7 A7  
Out in her home I'd dwell;  
D D7  
We went to take an evening walk  
G D  
About a mile from town,

I picked a stick up off of the ground

A7 D  
And knocked that fair girl down.

She fell down on her bended knees,  
For mercy she did cry;  
Oh, Willy dear, don't kill me here,  
I'm unprepared to die;  
She never spoke one other word;  
I only beat her more,  
Until the ground around me  
Within her blood did flow.

I taken her by her golden curls,  
I drug her 'round and 'round,  
Throwing her into the river  
That flows through Knoxville town;  
Go there, go there, you Knoxville girl,  
Got dark and rolling eyes,  
Go there, go there, you Knoxville girl,  
You can never be my bride.

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Starting back to Knoxville,  
Got there about midnight,  
My mother she was worried  
And woke up in a fright,  
Saying, son, oh son, what have you done  
To bloody your clothes so ?  
I told my anxious mother,  
Been bleeding at my nose.

Called for me a candle  
To light myself to bed,  
Called for me a handkerchief  
To bind my aching head,  
Rolled and tumbled the whole night through  
As troubles were for me  
Like flames of Hell around my bed  
And in my eyes could see.

They carried me down to Knoxville,  
They put me in a cell,  
My friends all tried to get me out,  
But none could go my bail;  
I'm here to waste my life away  
Down in this dirty old jail,  
Because I murdered that Knoxville girl,  
The girl I loved so well.